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THE

PORCUPINADE,

A very POETICAL

POEM.

To which is prefixed,

A COPY of *ſmooth* commendatory RHYMES to the AUTHOR,

FROM

PORCUPINUS PELAGIUS,
Author of the TRIUMVIRADE.

Aut inſanit homo, aut verſus facit. HOR.
Thus each ſhould down with all he thinks; PRIOR.
And all he thinks not. ANON.

By *QUIDNUNCCIUS PROFUNDUS.*

LONDON:
Printed for W. WEBB, near *St. Paul's.* 1745.
[Price One Shilling]

PORCUPINADE,

A Very Poetical

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To which is added,

A Copy of Most commendatory Remarks to the

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Pator.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

TO THE

AUTHOR

On his Unanſwerable

POEM.

WHOEVER *thou art, or whoever thou art not,*

Whether you take my Part, or if you take my Part not,

I care not five Farthings; nay, without a Fee

That I'm juſt to your Merit, you'll ſpeedily ſee.

Your

Your Lays are ſo highly ſublime and oracʼlous,
While all from the Fetters of Rhyme you unſhackle us,
That, beneath your Ænigmas, but give me your Hand down,
Nought's meant againſt G—le, I'll bring you to Grantown:
He admires your fine Poets, a noted Mæcenas,
*When he meets, Sir, like yours, with a * ſingular Genius:*
And reaſons *ſo* plainly *the Nation may ſee,*
To be potent and great, at the leaſt they muſt be,
With firm Reſolution, and perfect Accord,
As virtuous, and ſober, and kind as—my Lord.
'Tis late in the Wane of the Moon you may ſay,
If you are a Swiſs *Poet, enlightenʼd by Pay:*
But remark a prophetic and politic Pen,
Strange Things have occurrʼd, and may happen agen.

* *Query*, whether *Pelagius* intended this, and indeed the whole, ſeriouſly or ironically?

By

By your Stile you ſhould be ſome aſpiring young Lad;
Fourſcore's an old Laureat--*and Odes muſt be had:*
There's Sack in the Caſe, I might ſay in the Butt;
More of that tête à tête--*now a freſh Caſe to put.*
Suppoſe, while Affairs are removing and moving,
For our Splendour hereafter, and preſent improving,
We commute, change and barter, ſay, ſpeak and rehearſe,
I, political Lectures, you, Lectures in Verſe:
Whence we both may adorn the Republick of Letters;
And--a Word in your Ear--be of uſe to our Betters.
Your Method entirely your own I eſteem,
And your Meaning lies deep; tho' to ſome it may ſeem
Neither this, that, nor t'other, Rhyme, Reaſon, nor Law,
But a File for thoſe Serpents the Critics to gnaw.
You'll obſerve, by my Plan, in high Secrets I'm deep;
And what Secrets you have I'll be ſworn you can keep.

Then

Then as to my Writings; 'tis plain, they muſt take well
From the many Editions, as well as the Sequel.
*'Tis needleſs to add—let * one Int'reſt combine us:*
PELAGIUS *wont rhyme, but your Pig*

PORCUPINUS.

* *Query*, if the learned *Porcupinus* means by this, that we ſhould divide the contingent Reverſion of the Laurel, and become Twin-Laureats, as *Beaumont* and *Fletcher* were Twin-Playwrights. This may not be improbable, if we conſider, that the modern Poets are not more remarkable for their Candor and Diſintereſtedneſs than the Phyſicians. It ſeems at leaſt, that he has an Eye on a Moiety of the Sack, by his political Hint of the other Bottle above, *Line* 22. *More of this* (i.e. Sack) *tête a tête.*

O *Phœbus*, *Phœbus*, whether now employ'd
Amidſt the tuneful Nine near *Pindus* Shades,
Parnaſſus' Top, or clear *Caſtalian* Stream;
Or haply if the lofty Towers of *Grub-ſtreet*,
Eaſy Deſcent for Gods, delight thee more;
Whence no groſs Fumes of indigeſted Meat
Load the thin Air, or foul the pure ſerene
Thy meagre Vot'ries breath; but grateful Steam
Of vegetable Food, thy Laurel green
Apt Vehicle for Verſe, alike regale

Thy lofty Sons, and their Dominions wide
Extended thro' th' immeaſurable Void.
Here may'ſt Thou deign to dwell, for here the pale
Inhabitant nor hides th' aſpiring Walls
With curious Tapeſtry's inwoven Tale *,
Expenſive Ornament, at *Arras* wrought,
Bruges, or *Ghent*, in *Flandria*'s fruitful Fields:
Nor ſpreads, magnificent, the glitt'ring Hide,
Turgent with Figures emulous of Gold:

* The great *Rhondeletius* differs a little from our Author in his Deſcription of theſe Manſions; ſee the following Quotation, by which it plainly appears that ſome of them were really decorated with *Tapeſtry*.—I have tranſlated it from the Folio Edition printed at *Conſtantinople* by *Typœus*: The critical Reader will find the original Paſſage in Vol. 37. Pag. 953.

SRIBLERUS ILLUSTRATUS.

——— Exalted high
In Garret vile he lives; with Remnants hung
Of *Tapeſtry*: But ah! precarious State
Of this vain tranſient World! all powerful Time!
What doſt thou not ſubdue? ſee what a Chaſm
Gapes wide, tremendous! ſee where *Saul* enraged,
High on his Throne, encompaſs'd by his Guards,
With levell'd Spear and Arm extended ſits,
Ready to pierce old *Jeſſe*'s valiant Son,
Spoil'd of his Noſe! ———

But

But ſpeaking Walls, o'ercaſt with living Verſe,
Reſplendent Breath the Sentiment elate,
The apt Conceit, and wordy Maze of Wit;
And riſing Heroes ſtalk the nightly Scene,
Manſion of Demi-Gods, 'twixt Earth and Sky,
In Fame recording Charcoal; not the fame
Devis'd by mortal Wight, whence Fire exerts
Its fierceſt Rage, and grinds the pond'rous Ore
To ſcorching Flames--a glitt'ring Flood of Miſchief!
But ſuch as whilom thy own Beams calcin'd,
Thy ſelf howe'er reluctant--when rash *Phaeton*,
Unequal Youth, in evil Hour eſſay'd
The flaming Car, and whirl'd by rapid Steeds,
Thro' pathleſs Air, beyond the Mean aſſign'd,
Firſt thaw'd th' eternal Mounts of rocky Ice
Beneath the froſty Pole; ſcorch'd *Lybia* mourn'd

The needleſs Fire, and *Latium*'s flow'ry Plain
Became an arid Waſte--hard in it's Tubes
Dry'd human Life, and thro' the Foreſt wide
Th' accended Heat deyour'd the leafy Race,
Nor ſpar'd thy *Daphne*; whether near the *Po*
She view'd her Charms; for ſtill the Maid, a Tree,
Explores the glaſſy Stream, or, near the *Sein*,
Delighted fertile *Gallia*'s ſprightly Sons.
But what Excurſions breathleſs do I make
Hunting this Charcoal, tho' immortal Coal
Or Ink my Theme demands--But what's my Theme,
Cynthia or Conqueſt, *Caucaſus* or Court-nights,
Or all, or none--avaunt I ſoar above ye;
Sublimity ſhall own her aching Sight *

Unable

* In like manner writeth the learned *Parallellius*, B. 63. which is thus rendered into our Tongue, by the *Illuſtrius Scriblerus*.

——————— Rapt in Thought
Fancy preſents before his raviſh'd Eyes

Diſtant

Unable to purſue me; when I dive
Beyond a Comet's Speed, and hiſs with Motion,
I'll teach Profundity herſelf her Shallowneſs.
HOMER and *Pindar* were exalted Bards,
Originals for me! rot Imitators.
I hate them and forbid them--I'm an Extaſy;
Others have dreamt about them--wondrous Tranſports
Mine ſure muſt give my Readers; they're as catching
*At leaſt as Tears--my Service to you *Horace*;
You bid me Profit too--but dear *Venuſian*
What Intercourſe has Poetry with Profit?
Mæcenatiſm's defunct, tho' deathleſs *Pope*,

Diſtant Poſterity, upon his Page
With Tranſport dwelling; while bright Learning's Sons
That Ages hence muſt tread this earthly Ball,
Indignant ſeem to curſe the thankleſs Age,
That ſtarv'd ſuch Merit.

N. B. *The learned Critic will undoubtedly perceive, that this* Note *is inſerted purely for the ſake of clearing up the Text.* W. W

* ——— *Si vis me flere dolendum*
Primum ipſi tibi—— HOR. ART. POETIC.

With

With loud Applause has left, and tuneful Care,
What nearly might set up a middling Draper.
No Draper like the Dean, who wrote of Punning,
And *wooden* Coin to purchase *Bulls* in *Ireland*,
Sweet Scene of Turf and Butter—trebly senseless
Ah me! to fancy Writers must have Sense,
When I have read such Writings,—nay when *Swift's*
Brisk Salt, bright Droll, and animated Style
Spire to a Point, then settle in a * *Struldbrug*.
Scribe then ye *Stows*, hum on ye warbling Fry,
Secure from legal Idiocy and *Bedlam*,
While I in Puns pin up your Panegyrick.

Monstrous! such trifling in heroic Strains!
Some Critick grave exclaims, with solemn Mien,
And front full sapient; whose profoundest View

* See *Gulliver's* Travels.

III

Ill kens our Drift, nor [illegible] our nice Connexion.
To ſink and ſoar's the Contraſt, there's the Skill:
Rules may be Nonſenſe, as we oft have ſeen
Nonſenſe full regular; but Flight's a *Genius*.
Whoſo's inſpir'd muſt write, ev'n tho' he find
Little worth writing on, and writing worth
Still leſs or nothing. Now, ſince Tragic Lays
Are really ſad; the Comic juſt ridiculous,
And Paſtoral ſoft and milky, what remains,
But that a Wit or Bard of Taſte aſpire
To new Device, or deign to write an *Olio*,
Mental Repaſt divine! which apt regales
The various Calls of Guſt, with ſapid Force,
And Irritation keen; while Senſe and Nonſenſe
Alternately approves; while Smiles and Frowns
Conſent to diſagree; and loud Variety

With

With wakeful Diſcord checquers o'er the Scene.
But ah! what knotty Subjects reſt unſung
By ev'ry Bard, where Illuſtration deep
Might crown the richer Page with *Quirks* profound,
And *Quiddities* of Things, Knowledge occult
Diffuſing wide, and cancelling the Poverty
Of ſimple Intellect with dark Diſtinction:
Wond'rous the more in this ſo curious Age,
Devote to Sapience, when the Name of K--gs
On *due Encouragemnt* is full propenſe
T' *encourage* Erudition, when Squire *Ayre*,
Aerial Eſſence, deals in Shillings, Pence,
Memoirs and Patents; while ſubſtantial *Curl*
Of Fame ſo chaſte, ſo juſtly once erect
In *Norway* Neckcloth, happily tansform'd
By ſome of his own *Ovid*'s, reads himſelf,

Rege-

Regenerate Soul! *Our trusty well beloved.*

But while I mention *Curl*, and deeply ponder
On Modesty his Attribute—whose Form,
Beauteous and lowly, moves, as half receding,
She dreaded Admiration—if'arte her Vail
Conceals her crimson Flushings—on the Ground
Submiss she looks, of simple Air, and Voice
Low as the softest Breeze, her Dress so plain,
She can't appear at Court—In Youth methinks
I've known her—but no more, the fruitless Charmer
Still ruins her Possessors, hence neglected,
How justly! nameless Bards alone and Authors,
My self and my *Pelagius* still affect her;
Resigning all the Fame our selves might reap
To Porcupines and Quidnuncs; yet perhaps
In this not injudicious, to evade

Critic's dire Morſure,—haply e'en to tempt
Fame's fierce Purſuit by no ill-feign'd Retreat:
While ſeeming coy to Glory we ſecure her
With quaint Addreſs epiſcopal, ambitious
In ſecret to be deem'd to hide our Bluſhes,
While really vain and proud of our Humility.

WHAT craſſer Air alas! what groſſer *Medium*
Thus damps the Poet's Flight, and nearly makes him
Degen'rate into Senſe, and ſink to Meaning!
Ye *Moorfield* Sages hail! whom moral *Turks*
Wou'd ſagely deem divine, tho' envious Men
Immure, enchain and mortify, for being
More happily delirious than themſelves;
Ev'n oft more wiſe and good—if ye are ſtarv'd,
It is not o'er your Bags—if ye are Monarchs,
Ye're not inſatiate, Crowns of Straw content,

And ſimpleſt Cates ſuffice you---if ye're Patriots,
Ye prove yourſelves ſincere, in ceaſeleſs Toil
Spending your Faculties for *Britain*'s Weal;
Ye rare, choice Proofs of *Britiſh* Incorruption!
If Lovers, ye are delicate and conſtant,
And the laſt Gaſp ſighs out th' obdurate fair one:
Nor uſeleſs, tho' immur'd, e'en now perhaps
Your ſimple Virtues meritorious ſave
A while our *Sodom*---Virtue's ſelf's thought mad,
Or ſingular; from honeſt Senſe and Courage
A gen'rous Leader caught a glorious Frenzy.
---It comes, ineffable, ſweet, kind Contagion,
Immortal Leaves of Emerald wreath'd with Gold,
Navies of Chryſtal, Waves of roſy Nectar
Dance to my Viſion---adamantine Breaſts,
And Eyes, of Glance unſpeakable, confuſe

And bleſs me--Hah! what heav'nly painted Clouds
Array the concave Sky, all looſe and flowing,
The Night Robes of the Sun in *Thetis'* Chambers:
While on the diſtant Mount full ſtately ſhines
The Caſtle all of ruſtleſs poliſh'd Steel,
Maſſy and grand, the Battlements of Gold,
Which with the brazen Gates, the chryſtal Portals,
And Walls of various Agate, neat inlaid,
And fac'd with Iv'ry, gleam another Sun,
And gild the Meads, where num'rous tiny Elves
Scarce preſs the Green; where friſking Satyrs play
Enamour'd, while three royal Virgins moving
With ſtarry Luſtre, ſmile immortal Graces;
As here they crop the ſilver Primroſe, join'd
To Violets of Amethyſt commix'd
With many an od'rous lucid Flow'r beſide

Of vegetable Gems, to weave fit Garlands
For three redoubted Knights, now haply journeying,
Thro' many a fierce Adventure, from *Pegu*,
Georgia and *Cachemire*, inform'd by Fame,
Or friendly Sage, of the approaching Lists,
And the unequall'd Charms of each high Virgin,
Whose Smiles must crown the Victor's high Atchievment.
What rare Devices shine! what Tilts ensue
Within the Barriers! while th' imperial Virgins
Breath secret Wishes for the blest TRIUMVIRADE
So destin'd to obtain them; whose Demeanour,
High Port, and sweet Address, at Sight bespoke
Their Birth, Desert, and Prowess, ill conceal'd
Beneath their Armour--Ejulations tear
The azure Vault immense--with princely Mien
They kneel to wear their Chaplets--what extatic

Nuptials

Nuptials enſue! I hear th' immortal Strains
Of *Orpheus* and *Muſæus*, for a Time
Exchanging their *Elyſium*. Roſy Wine
I quaff, beyond *Falernium*'s boaſted Juice,
Or *Maſſic* old, modern *Tokay*, *Champaign*,
Cyprus, or *Hermitage*, regale of Monks;
Till all adown the painted Couch I ſink
In Sleep ideal, when my Bliſs recedes,
The dear Deluſions fly; awak'd and wild,
I find my ſelf, as erſt *Gonzales*, left
By ſome ſagacious *Ganzas* near *Pekin*,
Imperial City---anxious ſtill I doubt
The Scene how real---Worth and Knowledge here
Are ſolely noble---whoſo ſerves the State
Muſt really know, and will, and act her Service---
Obſolete Cuſtoms all, exotic Trifling!

BLEST be the medic * Sheep, who firſt diſcover'd
Arabia's Fruit ſo potable and fragrant,
Which ſocial aggregates, in Mixture bland,
At *George*'s, *Richard*'s, *Bedford*'s, *Tom*'s and *Slaughter*'s,
The various Brood of Man; while various Themes,
Cricket, Love, Politics, Stocks, Plays, and Battles,
Mix with the tepid Steam; while curious ſome
The Pamphlet of Projector, Peer, or, Starv'ling
Intent peruſe, or cheaply damn; befriended
With modern Art to further Reading, by
Preventing Writing—Circling round mean while
Inceſſant walks the Library, addreſt
To 'Prentice ſpruce, or aſtrologic Cobler
Nice Millener, or Taylor ſcientific.

* Coffee is ſaid to have been firſt diſcover'd, by its exhilarating Effects on ſome Sheep, who brous'd on the Plant in Berry.

Nay

Nay haply e'en some Toaſt exalted high
In *Bridges-ſtreet*, hence delicately fills
The Vacancies of Love, with Novel ſweet,
Or Verſe luxurious; while the fond Librarian
Viſits her more enamour'd, as her Billets
Are ſcrawl'd in ſoftet Terms, and better Spelling;
She liſps more elegant, and ſmiles embelliſh'd.
Pierc'd, like the Eagle, by an Arrow feather'd
From his own Plumage, all inflam'd he ruſhes
Swift to her Tranſports; the diſſolving fair one
Returns his Flames with many a future Dart
Of pungent Love—thus paying her Subſcription.

But all, ſays *Maro*, are not charm'd with Brambles;
Many the ſtately various Groves admire,
Whence mighty Fleets, Guns, Swords, dire Stocks, and [Gallows:
Yet chief ſelect the Oak and lofty Pine,

So

So wont to brace the Ribs, and maſt the Hull
Of ſome bold Cruizer, bent on Trade or Conqueſt,
To *Afric* or the *Indies*, where the Sand
With granulous Gold's commix'd; or Gales all ſpicy
Engroſs the Atmoſphere---while yet unfell'd,
Untouch'd their vegetable Woodmates raiſe
Their Heads green Honours, with extended Arms
Lodging the various Tennants of the Wood.
Whether they hull the ſweet nutritious Grain;
Or pry the Bark or Earth for reptile Food;
Or prey on other Volatiles; or pierce
The gelid Brook, or warmer briny Sea,
In queſt of fiſhy Meal, the Perch or Mullet,
Delicious Food! which many an Epicure
May vainly wiſh, unleſs conſenting Fate
Has with the magic Weight inclin'd his Fob,

Which turns itself to all Things, Delicates,
Dress, total Worth, Virginities and Boroughs.
THUS have I apt deduc'd a modern Lay;
Nor to my Theme unequal; tho' unaided,
Like many a modern Bard, by gentle *Phœbus*,
And all the tuneful Nine, however mention'd
To decorate my Song---But chief by Thee
Conducted, fair Digression, who, unsparing
Has strew'd with various Flow'rs the sinuous Way,
And safely clu'd thy Bard thro' each *Meander*
Of Fancy's winding Maze---Then may no Critic
Unhallow'd, or tremendous blast the Strain
With fascinating Squint, e'er sage Reserve
And Meditation deep assure him equal
To our full Scope---Aught if his Judgment meet
It can't approve, let him admire and own

Its bounded Ken; 'twas far from our Intention
With Entertainment to provide him Taſte;
Inſipids feaſt we not—Some Seer prophetic
Of happier Penetration may hereafter
Transfund our myſtic Lines to *Greek* and *Dutch*,
And *Hebrew* and *Chaldaic*, when a certain
Arrangement of the whole, Lines, Words, and Letters,
(*For there the Secret lies*) ſhall ſhew profound
Treaſures of Science, and on ev'ry Subject:
But this the Vice, the Crudity and Darkneſs
Of our vile Age, and the ſaid State of *Europe*
Defers—not leſs ſecure the myſtic Bard
Of lateſt Fame, while, ſmiling Sage, * *Democritus*
Hands me his Fiſt, and ranks me high on *Helicon*.

* ——— *excludit ſanos* Helicone *poetas*
Democritus ——— HOR. ART. POET.

It'

So

So when some Tempest sweeps the Mountain's Brow;
Or sporting May-Nymphs celebrate the Festal
With Dance and Garland; when the scaly Fry
Feed in the lucid Stream; when Ladies weep,
Or laugh, and Asses bray, and Poets rhyme;
Or a fierce Hawk devours a puny Bird,
'Tis wondrous clear—NO WONDERS HAVE occurr'd.